[fic] Gun.

- Oct. 16th, 2011 at 5:17 AM

Title: Gun.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, dubcon.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Castiel.
Word Count: 1,245 words.
Summary: Mafia AU wherein Castiel tries to leave the family business with the help of the Winchester reporters, and gets caught.
Note: I'm doing PWP wrong - six hundred words before I even touch the

smut at all. Oh well. Written for **synnerxx**'s five acts meme post, and I'm using her gun kink.

Also, I should use this premise for a longer fic later. I can't help but want to keep exploring the universe here.

(The lock's been shot, the door's hanging open, and there's the smell of smoke lingering in the air.)

- Current Mood: cheerful

Castiel knows something's wrong the second he spots the door of his hotel room. The lock's been shot, the door's hanging open, and there's the smell of smoke lingering in the air. Every single one of his senses comes alive to scream at him to *run*. How could he ever think to get away with it? How could he ever think that he'd run and live to talk about it?

Something's wrong with his brain, however, because his hands are shaking and he's not running from the room as fast as he can, and he's calm. There's not a chance he'll walk away from the encounter, but he walks into his room regardless.

Gabriel's there, sitting on the bed with his gun propped on his lap as he lights another cigarette, and he gives Castiel an empty smile when Castiel freezes on the spot.

"Did you really think you could turn traitor on the family and live to get away with it, Castiel?" Gabriel asks, putting his lighter away. "Come on."

Castiel's still frozen. Gabriel's dead. Supposed to be. He remembers the day the news came in that his older brother (the one who taught him how to have a heart) had turned traitor and was shot. An eerie echo of what Castiel had tried, and - he pulls himself up straight, still staring. Distantly he registers a thumping from the bathroom, but the door to that is closed. Does he smell blood?

"I promise you that I'm not a ghost," Gabriel says, getting up, gun in hand. "Come inside, have a drink, we can talk consequences. Preferably before the other one of your journalist friends comes to check on us."

Castiel blinks and almost lunges for the door, but Gabriel's brought his gun up. "Come over to the bed. Have a seat."

It'd be easier to make suicidal moves if he didn't know that one of the Winchesters was being held hostage. Castiel sits on the bed, hands clenched in his lap, knuckles white.

"You're supposed to be dead," Castiel says, low.

Gabriel gives him a grin in response, sitting on the other bed, opposite from him. "Dad thought I'd be more use to the family if they faked my death and brought me back into the fold. Now, about your defection. It was a cute idea, you know." He says conversationally, as if they were chatting over hot chocolate in the mornings. "What made you try it? Lucifer get a little over-violent? Michael being over-efficient?"

Castiel swallows and stalls. He has to drag this out. Give the other Winchester time to get here. He's wondering who Gabriel has, who's tied up in there. Dean? Sam?

Gabriel sighs and removes the safety from his gun. Castiel's surprised he had it on in the first place, but he knows that sound. Gabriel's ready to shoot now. He swallows, licks his lips.

"Everything," he says, but that's not what Gabriel's asking for. "Uriel and I were ordered to eliminate a witness. I couldn't..." He freezes on the telling. He froze up then, too. Had the gun at the right angle to make it look like a suicide, and he hadn't been able to pull the trigger. Uriel had been forced to do it for him.

"And those two bozos talked you into coming clean, huh?" Gabriel nods, and moves in, pushing the muzzle of the gun against his forehead. Castiel closes his eyes.

He's kissed then, and he knows those lips. He opens his eyes to see Gabriel's golden eyes there, and he returns the kiss automatically. After all, it was Gabriel who made sure he wouldn't die a virgin, and he would have happily followed Gabriel in his aborted attempt to leave the family.

Gabriel whispers against his lips. "Trust me, kiddo. I'll get you out of this alive. Lucifer's going to be back soon with the other Winchester, and I've got to make it clear to him that I'm following the party line."

Castiel doesn't think his eyes can get any wider when Gabriel breaks the kiss with a wink and grabs his shoulder.

"On your knees," Gabriel orders, and drags him forward, gun still at the ready.

Castiel thinks he knows what Gabriel is going to do now. He's proven right when Gabriel undoes his fly with a practiced hand, and he swallows. He thinks of Lucifer's trademark method of getting blood on the ceiling. The fear's a lead weight in him, and yet - maybe he can get out of this. It helps that it's Gabriel there.

(Gabriel, who taught him how to keep himself from losing his humanity, who taught him how to keep laughing at life even when he didn't care for his orders. Gabriel, who showed him how to use his body for something other than killing...)

Gabriel clears his throat. "Not giving you a choice here. Mouth open, or I can tighten my fingers." The gun's a cold weight against his forehead.

Castiel opens his mouth and licks Gabriel's dick. He listens for Gabriel's soft sighs as he slowly licks his way around the tip and down the shaft, keeping it light. He knows how Gabriel likes it, and ah - there's the moan he was waiting for. He focuses on fitting his lips over Gabriel's head instead of focusing on the cold metal on his forehead, and he puts his hands on Gabriel's hips instead of looking up at him.

There are better ways for Gabriel to save him, he thinks, but he keeps his attention on fitting his tongue against Gabriel's dick as he sucks. As Gabriel said, he doesn't have a choice here, and if Gabriel's telling the truth there will be a later for him.

He bobs his head slowly, listening to Gabriel moan. It might be better to go quickly, he thinks, and speeds up accordingly. He can't take Gabriel very deep, but he makes up for it with tongue, and at last the gun falls away from his forehead as Gabriel comes with a cry.

Castiel swallows as Gabriel steps back, and he gets up carefully as Gabriel zips up.

"Good," Gabriel breathes, and he kisses Castiel quickly before stepping back, gun trained on Castiel.

It's not long before Lucifer walks in, looking as pristine as ever even with a bloodied and handcuffed Dean Winchester walking before him.

Gabriel gives him a little wave in greeting, and Lucifer barely nods. He gives

Castiel a long hard look before opening the bathroom door and shoving Dean in, closing the door behind him.

Castiel stays quiet as Gabriel crosses the room quickly, pressing the gun against the back of Lucifer's neck.

"Bad news," Gabriel says. "I'm making another stupid choice."

Lucifer's tense, and Castiel knows that stance, it means he's ready to spring something on Gabriel. He steps forward, and then -

Then Gabriel knocks Lucifer out with the butt of his gun.

The first thing Castiel says after that's done isn't the smartest thing he's ever said.

"We didn't need to do that. The sex. You could have caught him without that."

"Yup," Gabriel says as he handcuffs Lucifer. He looks over at Castiel. "Just me giving you yet another lesson: your family consists of dicks with guns. Even the ones on your side." He tosses Castiel his gun with a grin. "Now tie me down like you mean it, and get going. And hide better so we don't catch you next time!"

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aside: Gabriel owes Lucifer more favors than he can count for not telling anyone about that stunt. But he gets away with it, and the hunt goes on.